

Regents of Day and Night,
If we may claim your high regard,
But Britain surely must be heard;
Britain, whose ghastly Wounds
Pierced the Heroick G. E. O. R. G. E.'s Heart,
Call'd forth
The Guardian Angel of the North,
To assert Great Britain's Right,
To lessen Tyranny, and fix legal Bounds;
Render the Blessings you have long deny'd,
And with unfeign'd Light your Charms guide:
Happy Omens now appear,
The Fates have short'nd half your Care;
The conscious Gawk their wily Concoct,
Spain bows, and G. E. O. R. G. E. looks to please,
Whilst Rebels, in his Justice, mutt his Mercy please.



BRITANNIA's⁴
PRECAUTION

To Her SONS

The Gentlemen, Clergy, *and* Freeholders
of ENGLAND,

Against the approaching

GENERAL ELECTION.

Most humbly inscribed to the Honourable EDWARD
VERNON, Esq; late VICE-ADMIRAL of the *Blue*.

By the AUTHOR of SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINE :
And the HIBERNIAN POLITICIANS.



LONDON: Printed for W. OWEN, at *Temple-Bar*. and R. GOADBY,
in *Sherborne*.

A R I T A N I S T R E C A U T I O N

To His Sons
 The Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders
 of England,

Against the approaching

G E N E R A L E L E C T I O N



At a humble petition to the Honorable HOWARD
 VERNON, Esq. Vice-Chancellor of the University.

By the AUTHOR of SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINE:
 And the HERRIAN POLITICIANS.

LONDON: Printed for W. Owen at the 'Star and Garter' in St. Dunstons Church-yard. 1832.

B R I T A N N I A's
P R E C A U T I O N.



O you, O VERNON, whom a Patriot Zeal
 Inspires for *Freedom*, and the common Weal,
 Whose Bosom glows with Ardour only known
 To noble *Minds*, and *Virtue* like your own;
 Who love BRITANNIA with a filial Flame,
 Free from the Rage of Parties in Extreme.
 Whose Motives center in your Country's Good,
 From the *strong Impulse* of old *British* Blood.
 Who wou'd her *Commerce* and her *Credit* raise
 To the full Pitch of *England's* early Days;
 Like DRAKE and RALEIGH spread her Ensigns wide,
 ALBION's bold Flag to either *India* guide,
 And reign unrivall'd *Lord* of all the Tide.
 To you, superior in suspended State,
 Exau'torated, tow'ring o'er the Great,
 Like *Rome's* brave SCIPIO---Like resign'd to Fate;
 For whose *ungrateful* Country each had done
 The signal Service of a *faithful* Son.

Discarded for the Merit you display'd ;
 Unthank'd (O strange !) for your attemperate Aid.
 To you, O VERNON, does the Verse belong
 Whose *bright Example* animates my Song.

Affist me PÆAN, if thy sacred Fire,
 Did e'er the Bosom of thy Bard inspire,
 And to the Task awake thy sweetest Lyre. }

Ye tuneful Sisters, bright *Aonian* Train,
 Support my Numbers, and enrich the Strain ;
 To raise the Verse, and dignify the Theme,
 Deep be the Draught, the purest of your Stream ;
 Smooth as your Current let the Subject flow,
 Let *Truth* subsist, and *Inspiration* glow.
 While to my Country freely I disclose
 The Point to fix her *Happiness* or *Woes* :
 I sing a Lesson candid and sincere,
 (*Subverter* from the past and Crisis near,)
 While, though unequal, I the Fate unfold
 Th' amazing Tale which late *Britannia* told.
 The nervous Truths, howe'er uncouth, attend
 Their Tenour just, and glorious for your End ;
 Then Oh ! reject not, (nor yourselves beguile)
 A *WORK* important to your native Isle.

Retir'd to Rest, when Nature seeks Repose,
 Sleep clos'd my Eyes, or seem'd at least to close :
 No Schemes miscarry'd to controul my Rest ;
 No publick Cares a Burthen to my Breast ;
 No anxious Moments spent on *Means* and *Ways*
 The Loans to sink, or Revenues to raise,
 To plan new Taxes, or the old encrease,
 To strip the Funds for Parties, or for---Peace ;

To

To lead the People Hood-wink'd to a Snare,
 Till plung'd in Woes, and sunk in deep Despair.
 No Slumber interrupted ev'n to bring
Germanic Princes to elect a King.
 Regardless quite why *Prussia* trains her Bands,
 Why *France* augments her Navy and her Hands;
 Why *Spain* still visits and controuls our Trade,
 What the *Ninth HARRY*, or what *KEENE* have said.
 No Friendship to betray, or Zeal pretend
 For a *base Purpose*, or *ignoble End*;
 To injure *Virtue*, or imbitter *Life*
 In one Man's Sister, or another's Wife.
 Disqualify'd with *Candidates* to dine,
 To gorge on Capons, or to guzzle Wine,
 No Lands, no Tenures, and no Freedom mine.
 Of Course regardless what Returns were made,
 Who serv'd their Country most, or most betray'd.
 To Rest inclin'd in conscious Innocence,
 Devoid of *Care*, and wrapp'd in *Indolence*.

When the Soul sallies forth by Paths unknown,
 To view *nocturnal Coinings* of her own;
 When active Fancy leads the busy Maze,
 And the Mind wanders through unnumber'd Ways;
 Methought I pass'd my contemplative Hour,
 Where *THAME* and *ISIS* blended Torrents pour;
 To taste the *Pleasures* of the *vernal Glade*,
 While *Zephyrs* gently breath'd along the Mead.
 By strong Emerfion o'er the silver Flood,
 Methought *Britannia's* awful Figure stood;
 She treads, like some bright Goddess, treads the Stream,
 And waves the Pennnn which unfolds her Name:

Nor drooping quite, nor quite erect she stands,
 Peace at her Feet, and Commerce in her Hands.
 Of Garb succinct, but discompos'd her Mien,
 Bespeaking *Anguish* felt, and *Woes* within.
 Around her Borders *Indian* Trophies lay,
 Through long Neglect, which seem'd as flipt away.
 Vast the Variety, confus'd it lies,
 Which to behold, almost distracts the Eyes.
 Here *Porto-Bello's* Tow'rs in Flames ascend,
 Thy Cannon play, and all the Concave rend;
 While *HOSIER* sees your vivid Glories rise
 Above the Snare which prov'd his Sacrifice;
 There, to the Border piec'd, *Cape-Breton* lay,
 Here it seem'd *torn*, or rather *squeez'd* away;
 Together link'd two noble Creatures stand,
 Who look abash'd at the *Piscarian Land*.
 Behind their Backs the Records seem enroll'd,
 The shameful Page, where the black Tale is told.
 There *British* Buffs seem to hug the Prize,
 Here the rich *Herring* for the Pickle lies;
 There *France* and *Holland* seem to push among
 Shove the small *Fleet*, and struggle in the Throng;
 While *EMBDEN* follows blust'ring in the Rear,
 Denouncing Terror, and demands a Share.
 Unnumber'd Images, with Force express'd
 In broken Hints, hung round her textile Vest.
 There *Aix--Vienna--London--Hague--Madrid*,
Paris and *Berlin--Schemes--and--Things--half-hid*.
Silesia--Loans--Bars--Countries--Seas and Rocks,
Monkies like Envoys, Plenipo's like Blucks.

There

There ran a Group of * *Hammer Rats*
 Trembling and fearful of the *Puss*--- *Cats*.
 There mounts an *Eagle* with encumber'd Flight;
 Here roars a *Lyon*---but too faint to fright.
Puffs---*Lyes*---*Gazettes*---abundant spread Abroad,
Truth lies conceal'd, *Hope* terminates in *Fraud*.
 Here slowly grave, successless *Treaties* creep,
 And there in State *Negotiations* sleep.
 Surpriz'd I view'd ! when lo ! *Britannia* speaks
 Distinct, (though loud as when the Thunder breaks.)
Britons, attend, the *Great Britannia* cries ;
Britons, attend, old Father *THAME* replies.
Britannia calls ! awake ! she thrice proclaims,
 And thrice, *Britannia* calls ! awake ! reply the *Streams*.
 Along the Flood reverberating flies
 The distant Sound, and in the Ocean dies.
 Here paus'd *Britannia*, and look'd round a while,
 Bedew'd with Tears in Pity for her Isle ;
 Anxious she look'd, as wishing to embrace
 Close to her Bosom her *degen'rate Race*.
 Whom thus the *venerable Form* address'd,
 With plaintive Sorrow, and a pensive Breast.
 Mournful she spoke, yet musical the Note ;
 How ravishing the Sound transpir'd a ---- Vote.
 Each Word like Honey melted from her Tongue,
 How sweet each Accent, and tho' sweet, how strong !
 Oh ! at this Juncture that my Sons were wise
 In Language usher'd by her Tears she cries ;

Would

* Perhaps the mentioning these Kind of Animals may be thought too low
 for this Place, as most People call them a *Nuisance* ; but the Author was willing
 to give the exactest Description he could ; the Word *House*, which should have
 supplied the first Line, and the Word *Puss* the second, being each too short for
 the Measure, the Reader is left to fill their Places at Discretion with any Words
 which he thinks will suit them best.

Wou'd yet again assert their antient Right,
 And keep my *Welfare* and their own in Sight.
 Prefer the *Patriot*, for the Trust is great,
 The *honest Patriot* to his native Seat ;
 The Man of *Worth*, to whom alone belongs
 To speak your Grievance, and redress your Wrongs ;
 To hold the Balance between *Pow'r* and *Tou*,
 To give the People and the Crown their Due ;
 That neither might encroach, that neither sway ;
 Just in each Sphere to govern and obey.
 For this Intent, at first, and this alone
 Th' assembled *Senate* sate to poize the Throne.
Britannia's early, fix'd and ardent Friends,
 For *wholesome Laws* and *salutary Ends*.
 Intrepid in their Innocence they stood,
 In strong Attachment for the *Publick Good* ;
 Whom no magnetick *Pow'r* whate'er cou'd draw
 To give Assent to one *oppressive Law*.
 Punctual to execute the sacred Trust,
 Right in each *Question*, in each *Motion* just.
 Sent by their Country to redress her Grief,
 Like *Barristers* instructed from their *Brief* ;
 Who gave Attendance at the Publick Cost,
 Who bought no *Vote*, no *Privilege* e'er lost ;
 Watchful for *Good*, they vary'd not their Aims,
 They serv'd *Britannia*, for they knew her Claims.
 Bent on *momentous Matters*, *high Affairs*,
 Not taxing *Brokers*, or preserving *Hares*.
 Opposing Measures which *Corruption* drew,
 Staunch and tenacious of the Point in View.
 To *social Virtue* (tho' at *Court*) a Friend
 (If e'er her Precepts to the *Court* extend,)

Disdaining

Disdaining to be won by *Tinsel Toys*,
 By *Titles, Ribbons, Promises, Employs*,
 By prostituted Honour, to come o'er
 To the *base Purpose* they condemn'd before.
 Such to *Corruption* who alone were Foes,
 Who cou'd the *Measures*, not the *Men*, oppose;
 Behold with Pity, and Allowance make
 To pardon Errors for our Frailty's Sake.
 But scorn'd themselves the guilty Scene to share;
 For Truth *fidentius*, what they *spoke* they *were*.
 Who shun'd *Reflection*, *private Pique* disdain'd,
 And *Worth*, howe'er oppos'd, was still unstain'd;
 Not easily to *Prejudice* betray'd,
 Of publick Debts alone, and publick Ills afraid.

O Shame to mention that *apostate Son*,
 Who late by *Titles* from his *Virtue* won;
 Whose Flame for *Freedom*, and for *Me* a while,
 Shone like the Sun, the *Wonder* of our *Isle*;
 Whose Talents were a Bulwark on my Side,
 Cou'd *Virtue* lead him, or cou'd *Honour* guide.
 High in Esteem, and fair in Innocence,
 How sweet his *Manner*, and how strong his *Sense*!
 Till Thirst of *Pow'r* his Probity o'erthrew,
 And all his *Glory* to Oblivion drew;
 Lost by *Ambition*! his triumphant Car,
 Dash'd by the Gleam of one *malignant Star*!
 O! that *Ambition* shou'd so much prevail,
Pride run so high, or *Nature* be so frail!
 Which sinks our *Honour*, and our *Fame* destroys,
 Absorb'd in *Shadows*, and undone for *Toys*.

By such be warn'd-----the *Sycophant* disdain,
 The insidious Breast, where you confide in vain;

Who hunts Promotion, as the Hound the Hare,
 Whose Vows are *Falsbood*, and Pretence but *Air*.
 Who bribes solertly to betray his Trust,
 To lay your *sacred Liberties* in Dust.
 Whose *venal Vote* is foremost on the Day
 Which takes some *Darling Privilege* away ;
 Careless of *Tou*, while *Fortune* favours *Him*,
 Careless who sinks, so he alone may swim.
 Whose Voice is loudest for all Kind of *Ills*,
 For *Game*-----or *Naturalization*-----*Bills* ;
 For *Laws* oppressive, *Taxes*, and *Excise*,
 Who buys your Vote to sell that Vote he buys ;
 Who preaches *Patience*, more auspicious Hours,
 While the black Torrent of *Destruction* pours.
 When the dire Stroke, dissatisfy'd with less,
 Aims at the Root of *Liberty*-----the *Press* ;
 When none have Pow'r to ward the dreadful Blow,
 Remove the *Burthen*, or avert the *Woe*.
 In your Behalf when no *choice Twelve* engage
 Or emulate the *Jurors* of this Age ;
 Assertors, and Preservers of your Claims,
 Like BARWELL, and the rest ; the glorious Names,
 Short of whose Worth must fall the noblest Lays :
 Nor can sufficient share *Britannia's* Praise.
 As artful Fowlers by their Wiles decoy
 The Game they wait impatient to destroy,
 Play the false Pipe to catch the heedless *Quail*,
 Or point the *Partridge* in the tainted Gale,
 The *Courtier*, so insimulously draws
 Your Necks to bend beneath *coercive Laws*.
 His Gold the Article which *Pow'r* obtains
 To tennate your *Rights*, and bind your *Chains*.

How

How have my Sons in former Ages shone,
 For *Virtue* so peculiarly their own.
 For *hospitable Doings, Arts, and Arms,*
 For *martial Spirit*, and for *Wisdom's Charms.*
 Friendly to *Merit*, and to all humane
 The gallant BRITON, not of Conquest vain.
 Fierce in the Fight, yet merciful to save,
 Reluctant to revenge, revenging brave.
 Content to conquer, not insult Mankind,
 Who felt the Woe by Sympathy of Mind.
 No cruel *Acts* of horrid Slaughter stain'd
 Or barb'rous Rage the Victory obtain'd ;
 No helpless Infant, no defenceless Wife
 By cool Assassins Hands were robb'd of Life ;
 Alike his Clemency and Courage great,
 His Mercy glorious, and his Soul elate,
 Such was the BRITON in exalted State. }
 Behold how humble *Worth* Attention draws,
 And *Virtue*, far from Courts, attracts Applause ;
 How private Stations more illustrious shine,
 And their whole Course to virtuous *Acts* incline ;
 Who plac'd by *Fortune* in the *Golden Mean*,
 Enjoy each Blessing of the rural Scene ;
 Dispense their Gifts where real Wants abound,
 Where Hunger's sharp, or Indigence is found ;
 Such still *Britannia* boasts, in plain Attire,
 Who seek no Titles, other Fame acquire,
 More eligible Fame, and nobler far
 Than the false Gleam or Radiance of a Star.

Degen'rate Times, and O corrupted Race,
 All but a few, contaminate and base.

Who

Who can with Patience see the Deluge flow,
 Smile at *Destruction*, and acerb your *Woe*.
 Smile to behold insulting *France* refuse
 The *neut'ral Isles*, our *Leagues*, and *Faith* abuse.
 From *Guarda-Costa's* still the Visit paid,
 And the rich Bottom a wrong Capture made, }
 Without the Colour of *illegal Trade*.
 Our ebbing *Commerce* so precarious grown,
 Our *Colonies* neglected and undone ;
 Our pining *Seamen* by their Wants impell'd,
 For Life's Support by foreign Foes upheld ;
 Or left to perish, or abroad to roam,
 Or unemploy'd to sit and starve at Home.
 While *Jews* and *ALIENS* prodigal of Soul,
 From *Nobles* purchase, and in Coaches roll.
 In *foreign Courts* while *British* Coin prevails
 To throw auxiliar Forces in the Scales,
 To make the *Balance*, or the *Roman King*,
 That vast Concern ! that advantageous Thing !
 Well worth a War, and thirty Millions more,
 Tho' borrow'd, and tho' beaten as before.
 Who smile at these, at greater Mischiefs smile,
 And to advance their Fortunes sink the Isle.
 But such th' Effects while *Placemen* are return'd,
 While *Courtiers* bribe, and while the *Patriot's* spurn'd ;
 The *honest Heart*, whence no *Corruption* flows,
 Where *Truth* exists, and *British Ardour* glows.
 True *Anti-Gallic* Bosoms, whence can spring,
 No *Letts* to *Freedom*, no *injurious Thing* : }
 Faithful alike to *ALBION* and her *King*.
 Who take *Preferment* for the *Publick Trust*,
 And tho' in *Pow'r*, yet to *Britannia* just.

Who

Who no *injurious Principles* pursue,
 Or *Party Zeal* (pernicious Flame) renew.
 Studious alike to guard the *Royal Throne*,
 And make the People's *Liberties* their own ;
 Such stand excluded by *Britannia* here,
 As worthy *Honour*, and as truly *dear*.
 Like my lov'd *Citizen*, whose ardent Breast
 Ten thousand great and wakeful Cares oppress ;
 Who fought to purge his Country's strong Disease,
 Support her *Credit*, and secure her *Ease* ;
 Who by Disbursements propt the *sinking State*,
 Unwilling idly to behold her Fate,
 While he oppos'd the Measures of the *Great*.
 Thy Worth, O BARNARD, my Eulogiums claim,
 Too scanty for thy Plenitude of *Fame* ;
 Who liv'st to see thy *grateful City* raise
 A *Publick Statue*, justly to thy *Praise*.
 Such my lov'd SYDENHAM is, whose Veins beat high
 With the rich Blood of TUDOR's Progeny.
 The *Patriot-Flame*, concomitant with Blood,
 Runs in the Channel for the *Publick Good* ;
 Next to his Soul's, *Britannia's* Int'rest sways,
 Shapes all his Measures, and directs his Ways.
 Exemplar Virtue all his Actions guides,
 Attends his Paths, and over all presides.
 Oh ! how unlike the Man whose guilty Hand
 Obtrudes the Bribe but to betray the Land ;
 From *purchas'd Votes* to draw you to a Snare,
 To sell your *Rights*, as *Merchants* sell their Ware.

Where is that *Genius* which inspir'd the *Great*
 The brave Third EDWARD ? Or th' *impulsive Heat*

D

Which

Which prompted HENRY to revenge the Sneer, *
 Which cost the *Dauphin* and the *French* so dear ?
 Why trembled GALLIA at our NASSAU's Fame ?
 Or at a CROMWELL's or a MARLB'ROUGH's Name ?
Gaul more perfidious, more insulting grown,
 Than when *Britannia's Daughters* fill'd her Throne.
 By fly Intinuations, thin Disguise,
Dissension sowing to *disgust Allies* ;
 Fomenting *Discord*, wid'ning ev'ry Breach
 Within their subtle *Politician's* Reach ;
 To prompt to War, and from their Leagues allure
 Against *Britannia's* Peace, the *Christian* and the *Moor*.
 Unmask'd their Rancour, and unjust their Plan :
 Point out the like *Indignity*, who can,
 Unpunish'd by ELIZABETH or ANN. }
 Who dar'd their Rage arouse, or vent such Spleen ?
 Who unchastis'd provok'd a *British Queen* ?
 Such high Contempt, so scandalously base,
 Derives its Birth from *imp-----s Men* in Place ;
 The *Cob-Web Arts* of *Bunglers* at the Helm,
 Obnoxious, yawing Pilots of the Realm.
 From *black Corruption*----- (Here *Britannia* wept)
 From *black Corruption* thro' the *Senate* crept.
 My *Genius* banish'd, and my Sons supine,
 Except, O VERNON, a few Souls like thine ;
 Banish'd his native Soil, no more he draws
 My Sword for Fight, or gives the Nations Laws.
 His martial Spirit which shou'd *Homage* bring,
 He gives, unworthy, to the *Prussian King*.
 Resolv'd his Country be no more his Care,
 Till *foul Corruption* is extinguish'd here.

Which

* A Ton of TENNIS-BALLS, sent in Derision by the DAUPHIN to HENRY V.

Which like the *Tempter*, is for ever nigh
 To bask and wanton in the *Prince's* Eye.
 The Work of *Sycophants*, who in their Sphere,
 Still *buz* like *Drones* around the *Royal Ear*.

O yet, my Sons ! if yet my Tears can move,
 Let me beseech you, by a Mother's Love ;
 While yet the Choice is your's, with Caution chuse,
 Lest all that's precious, all that's dear ye lose.
 Spurn the *curst Fiend*, the *venal Bribe* away,
 Disdain the Bait, nor be undone for *Pay*.
 Let him alone your Suffrages obtain
 Whose Bosom shuns to give you up for *Gain* ;
 Whose publick Spirit from no Motive flows
 But *Publick Good*, and *Pity* for your *Woes*.
 Who's fond of *Virtue* for her Sake alone,
 And points out *bright Examples* in his own.
 Who loves his GOD in *Truth* and *Innocence*,
 Free from *religious Feud* and *false Pretence* ;
 So good a Man superior tow'rs o'er all
 Whatever *Foes* attempt, or *Ills* befall.
 No *Publick Woes* accrue from such a Man,
 And such I deem the *Anti-Gallican*.
 So shall again your antient Fame renew,
 So shall again my *Genius* dwell with you.
 So shall again your former Arts revive,
 Your *Navy* flourish, and your *Commerce* thrive ;
 The Nation's *Honour*, and her *Wealth* encrease,
 And BRITONS only fix *Britannia's* Peace.
 No private Pique 'tween *Naval Chiefs* shall spring
 Whose dire Resentment *Publick Woes* may bring ;
 No *fatal News* upon th' *Exchange* shall ring.

Henceforth